the ieast may remaine after the wearing, soly singular.

Ro. O single solde ieast, soly singular for the singlenesse,

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the wilde goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the goose?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.

Ro. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer Thy wit is a very bitter sweting, it is a most sharp sauce.

Ro. And is it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell-broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the goose, proues thee farre and wide, a broad goose.

Mer. Why? is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by Nature, for this driuelimg loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire,

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, nnd meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heres goodly geare. *Enter* Nurse *and her man.*

A sayle a sayle.

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur. Peter:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face,

Nurse. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it goodden?

Mer. Tis no lesse I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nurse. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewomã, that God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nurse. By my troth it is well saide, for himselfe to marre quath a: Gentlemen can any of you tell me where I may finde the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then hee was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well, very well tooke, ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If thou be he sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. Shee will endite him to some supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho,

Ro. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare sir, vnlesse a hare sir in a Lenten-pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

And old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hore is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Romeo. A Gentleman *Nurse*, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then hee will stand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him down, and a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I am none of his Gil-flurts, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must

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